THE PRAISE OF Baniſhment, AND DISPRAISE OF HONOURS:

Elegantly diſplay'd in Two LETTERS from One Perſon of EMINENCE to another; on His Arrival in a Foreign Country, and Expulſion from his own.

Now firſt Tranſlated from the ORIGINAL.

Fœlix Exilium, quod talem meruit Præc nem.

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A LETTER TO A Perſon of Honour.

Noble Sir,

WHEN I had the Happineſs to ſee you at *B*— and to enter my ſelf in the number of your Servants, I conceived you Triumphant, though you told me you were an Exile: I knew you Innocent, though you cried guilty. I had ſcarce departed out of *B*— But our Reverend Archdeacon *P*— (I know not whether to Comfort me, or undeceive me) did ſend me a Letter fraught with clear Demonſtrations of your Innocence. If I had not Cauſe ſo much to Grieve for your Nobleneſs, I ſhould Grieve for him: Let him ſend his Apologies to thoſe that never ſaw you; your very Countenance is a more convincing Argument to me (than any other) of your Innocence. He that hath Eyes which can penetrate beyond the

outside, may (by Discoursing with a Man) find that Speech of the Wiseman true; * *A Man is known by the Eye, and the Face discovers Wisdom*; not that we can Read in that Tablet what a Man shall be, but what he is: Man is an harmonious Organ; the Heart tunes and plays it, every part and particle in it (though never so little) yeilds a distinct Sound, and varies the Effect according to the variety of Affections; because all the parts are sustained by the Spirits, and all the Spirits are the Issue of the Heart; as this is Affected with Joy, Sorrow, Love, Hatred, or Fear, so it doth strike a different Note or Sound by the Tongue. When the Heart toucheth one String, and the Tongue Sings another, the Speech, and the Countenance do not make Consort; and he that cannot perceive this Solæcism, and observe this Dissonancy, must accuse his Senses of so much Weakness, and fly to that unsavory (though much seasoned) Maxim, written for Blind Men only: *That it's necessary to Eat a bushel of Salt with a Man, before you can well understand him.*

Your Lordship must subscribe to my Opinion herein, For having seen many Provinces in the World, been made known to Kings and Princes; and having conversed with so many *Cavaliers* of Honour; It will be no small Comfort unto you to have left so little need of Justifying you by other Mens writings that your very † Visage hath already Excused and acquitted you among all that have seen you.

I have taken indeed, my Pen in Hand with an Intent to solace you with a few Lines, which Discovers rather my Affection then your necessity: To

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* *Vultus Animi Janua & Tabula.*

† *Dominatur maxime Vultus, hoc amamus, hoc odimus, hoc plurima intelligimus.*

To write Letters Conſolatory unto you, were to go to Cure a Man in perfect Health; though it is True that Healthful Men ſometimes have need of Phyſick, though not to reſtore, yet to preſerve Health; yet I do not write to Solace you, but my Self; your mind hath no need of Cordials, but my Heart hath; I that had a Breaſt of Proof and could bear my own Diſaſters without Perturbation, do find my Heart moſt relenting and tender towards Yours. A Stoical Indolency doth not well conſiſt with Friendſhip; a Friend that undertakes to Comfort, is not like a Phyſician that undertakes a Cure; a Phyſician cannot Heal others, except he be in health Himſelf; but a Friend is ſo much the fitter to Adminiſter Phyſick (if I may ſo ſpeak) by how much the more Affected and Diſeaſed he is himſelf.

I am ſenſible of your Lordſhips Innocency, and Baniſhment; I cannot entertain any Joy, except I ſhew my ſelf Impious; and I cannot be ſorry, except I ſhould wiſh you Culpable: I am Grieved for that you are Innocent; but I am ſorry for that you are Baniſhed; and now ſince you are Baniſhed I am glad you are Innocent.

There be ſome of ſuch weak minds that bear their Troubles with the more Impatience, when they know themſelves to be Innocent of the Crime that is laid to their Charge; Whereas indeed they might bear them the better, becauſe they know themſelves ſuch.

Vertue is not reſtrain'd or confin'd, it hath a Place or Theatre to ſhew it Self in all Fortunes; a Man that is Condemned, if he be Innocent, and doth not vex, he doth Exerciſe the Vertue of Patience; if he be Guilty, and doth acknowledge himſelf ſo, he doth Co-operate with that of Juſtice.

When a Subject complains of ſome unreaſonable Preſſures and Moleſtations, he is unjuſt becauſe he would be ſo: But when he complains

of

of deſerved Puniſhment, he is not only unjuſt becauſe he is ſo, but becauſe he Grieves; and becauſe he Grieves that others are not ſo. To complain of Sufferings is either to complain of an occaſion given to Merit thereby; or at leaſt to complain of a Puniſhment inflicted for having Demerited. To Grieve for the one is Weakneſs, and not Grieve for the other is Perverſeneſs: ſuch a one hath Cauſe to complain, not of Fortune, but of himſelf; not for what he Suffers, but for what he hath Committed. There's no Evil in the World, but what is Committed; that which is inflicted rather ſeems evil than is ſo, becauſe it comes to paſs by the Will of God, which is always Good, and either permits it, or is the Author of it.

Whereas Men ſhould ſtoop to Fortune, they revile it. If there were not ſome Cauſe to bear with their Ignorance, there would be juſt Cauſe to Chaſtiſe their Raſhneſs: For we call that Fortune, which happens, we know not how, or why, or elſe quite beyond our Expectation; wherefore to complain of Fortune, and not to blame our own Ignorance, is to complain of the Divine Providence: Such Things as happen unto us, and not by us, we ſhould rather adore than cenſure; becauſe there God's Wiſdom hath a greater ſtroak and ſhare, where ours hath the leſſer. * A Man ſhould take care to deſerve that which is Good, though not to obtain what he deſerves; and yet he hath in effect obtain'd it, when he hath deſerved it. For the greateſt good that we can have, is to deſerve that greateſt good that we can enjoy; he that Studies to Merit, that he may enjoy ſome Good, makes Merit become Intereſt, and cannot arrive at Good which is purely ſo; becauſe he hath Adulterated and Tainted the Good

* *Eſt quidem vera felicitas felicitate dignum videri.* ¶ Plin.

Good, when he hath Tainted the Merit. Fortune hath no ſhare in Meriting, it hath in obtaining; and he that hath obtained, is now ſecure altogether, becauſe he is not altogether in the Condition of Merit. It is a High-way Saying, † *That we are Architects of our own Fortune:* He that ſaid ſo, ſaid not Well: He that builds Fortune, doth Demoliſh it; It cannot be Framed but with the Tools of Vertue, and ſo it becomes a Statue of Vertue, which was carved for the Statue of Fortune: Yet it is true, That tho' we be not Authors of its Entity, yet we are of its Quality; it is never that which we make, yet it is always ſuch as we make it; it doth not conſiſt with Merit, if it be a ſorry one: Merit doth deſtroy it where it finds it; but where Fortune finds Merit, ſhe doth increaſe it: If ſhe be good, with Moderation; if bad, with Patience; ſhe would ſtand and ſtay with your Noble *Lordſhip*, and therefore returns to you in your Diſaſters, that ſhe may improve that Merit, which in your Felicity ſhe did impair.

An adverſe Fortune is rather to be wiſhed (in my Opinion) tho we deſerve a proſperous one; in this vaſt Ocean Men are oftner Shipwrackt in the Haven of Tranquility, than amidſt the Billowes of Diſaſters: Miſeries do humble us, and therefore we hold under them, but Proſperity ſwells us with Pride, and therefore it ſpoils us.

If every Man hath his Fortune, and every Fortune its Wheel, how can we complain that our Wheel deſcends? Since one part of the Wheel doth not deſcend ſo much one way, but it aſcends another way: Thoſe Men only complain of Fortune, who have their Souls ſo tackt to their Bodies, that when one falls and præcipitates, the other

† *Faber eſt Unusquisque Fortunæ Suæ.* ¶ Cicero

other doth ſo too: But thoſe who poſſeſs one part of the Wheel with their Souls, and another with their Bodies, do wiſh always the adverſe or contrary part of the Wheel; and if they have it not, they make it ſo; becauſe one part mounts unto Heaven, when the other hurries down to Hell.

A wiſe Man bears his Head above the Clouds: Tempeſts cannot reach him, he is not ſhaken with Winds, nor battered with Thunder: Princes and States may be Lords of our Bodies, but cannot of our Souls; or if they be of any Souls, it is of ſuch Souls as were before made by their Owners Slaves of their Bodies. He that is immerſt (both Soul and Body) in this Punctilio, or narrow Point, ſuch as the Globe of the Earth is, doth live always in the Center of this Point, both Soul and Body: When he doth by his better part raiſe Himſelf to higher Speculations, He lives Happily with the Body, wherever his Mind enjoys any Felicity. If all the Circumference of the Earth be but a * Point of the Univerſe, if all Times that were, or ſhall be, are compriſed under one inſtant of Eternity: What thing is Man, who is but one Point of that Circumference? and what is his Life but one Moment of that Eternity? Shall then your Lordſhip complain that you are Secluded your Country which is at beſt but a little Point of a little Point? and that you are Secluded for a long Day? which is but a ſhort inſtant of that Time which cannot well be termed an Inſtant? Your Lordſhip tis true is ſent out of your Country, but then, at the ſame Time, it may be look'd upon as a Reward rather than a Baniſhment: Malefactors are uſed to be Baniſhed; ſo that Baniſhment

* *Punctum eſt in quo Navigatis, in quo Bellatis, in quo Regna diſponitis.* ¶ Seneca.

niſhment muſt looſe its Name where it finds Innocence. A Man is Born with an Obligation to ſerve his Country, He is Born a Slave; and the more Slave, by how much his Country is the more Free: But to Manumiſe a Slave is a Reward not a Puniſhment, it doth teſtifie how well he hath merited by his Service, when it makes him a Freeman. Time was, that in Republiques † Baniſhment hath been in a manner their chiefeſt Guerdon; it was often beſtowed upon the beſt deſerving; if the Citizens be Slaves, the Republiques could free any one of them from their Slavery, but they muſt Fall themſelves into it. But when they found a Subject of great Worth, being aſhamed to ſee him a Slave, and not willing to make him a Servant, they Caſhired him, being content to ſee him a Freeman, though not to make him a Maſter. * He that ſaid that he would be either an Exile out of his Country, or a Conſul in it, did believe perhaps that a Perſon of Worth, could not contain himſelf in a Republique, if he did not obtain to be a Conſul in it, or did not Baniſh himſelf out of it. You have taken Pains (NOBLE SIR) a long Time, that others might take their Reſt; and you could not betake your ſelf to your Reſt, without loſing all the Glory that you have acquired by Motion. He that hath performed brave Exploits, and then retreats Voluntarily, ſeems to have performed them out of Heat and Fury, not Love, to ſerve his own

† Rutilius *and* Camillus, *Two Roman Worthies*, African Scipio *the Protector of Rome and Terror of Carthage*, Cicero *and* Seneca, *Two Roman Gown-Men Baniſhed.* Miltiades, Phocion, Themiſtocles, *and* Ariſtides, *by the* Athenians *Baniſhed.*

* Julius Cæſar. Cæſar Borgia *his Motto was Aut Cæſar aut Nihil.* Pompey *could bear no Peer*, Alexander *alſo. Æſtuabant infelices anguſto limite mundi.* ¶ Juv. Sat. 10.

own Ambition, not his Country. It is not the part of a valiant Man to take Pains, that he may take Reſt, as it is not the part of a Stout Man to Fight that he may Live: Even plebean Spirits will raſhly hazard their Lives that they may not loſe them.

To beſtow upon thy Country the Prime of thy Youth, and to deny it the Fruit of thy Age, is to Sacrifice the Arms and deny the Brains: Thoſe that are weak of Body are exempted from the Wars, and they that are weak of Underſtanding from the Senate: The danger of ſhortning of Life by cumbring Old Age with Buſineſs will not ſerve for an Excuſe, no more than the danger of Blows will excuſe a Soldier from Fighting: He that when Young did expoſe himſelf to danger by ſerving his Country by his Arms, why ſhould not he when Old Expoſe himſelf to the like danger by the Service and Labour of his Brains? Wherefore Baniſhment (NOBLE SIR) is a great Reward beſtowed on you: Quietneſs which is ever deſired by all, when it is the period of glorious Motions or Actions, and is not always Laudable, when it is Voluntary, cannot be reprehended in you, when it is become Neceſſary. It is a great Felicity no doubt to be now at leaſure to recount with your ſelf the Honourable *Memorials* of former Exploits, the Applauſe you have received, and the Honours you have deſerved: This is like God's own Joy † to rejoyce within ones Self, and of Himſelf: High and Noble Actions that have been perform'd, are Dainties kept in Store, and Companions prepared to ſolace and ſweeten old Age, and make Retiredneſs a Bleſſing. But what do I talk of Baniſhment out of ones Country? It is True

† *Conſcientia Vitæ benè actæ, multorumque benefactorum recordatio jucundiſſima eſt.* ¶ Cicero.

True, that your Lordſhip is exiled, but not from your Country: I muſt not contract the Bounds of that; It hath not ſo ſmall a Circumference: Every Place pretends to be your Country and every Country is Ambitious to be that Place; but it was the Country that you were Born in, you may ſay; if that Place be your Country where you were Born, it is but a ſmall Plot of Ground; if it be a City where this Plot of Ground is, why not rather the * World which contains this City? You will ſay again, that its your Country, becauſe your Anceſtors have there Dwelt: If your Anceſtors either had not been Baniſhed, or had not Baniſhed themſelves from their firſt *Habitation* where they were Born, that had not now been your Country; wherefore Baniſhment doth not make you looſe your Country, but gain it rather: It is your Country you will ſay, becauſe there lies your † Eſtate and your Goods; alas! thoſe you mean are not your Goods; you have found them, and you muſt again leave them; the Goods of a Man are his Underſtanding, yea his Country is his Underſtanding.

‖ That Man is not Baniſhed, who being excluded one City, can live in any other Climate of the habitable World: But he that cannot live in any other Portion of the World, but in the Circle of ſuch a City; to expel the other out of ſuch a City, is not Baniſhment, but Enfranchiſement.

* *Civitatis noſtræ terminos cum ſole metimur.* ¶ Seneca.

† A Man's true Wealth is always imbarqued in the ſame bottom with himſelf. *Quæ extra animum ſunt, neque bonis neque Malis ennumeranda.* ¶ Tacitus.

‖ *Exilium illis terrible, quibus quaſi circumſcriptus eſt habitandi locus, non iis qui omnem terrarum orbem unam Urbem eſſe dicunt.* ¶ Cicero.

But how many Men doth an Ambition of Greatneſs, and a Deſire of Lucre detain there as Exiles, who never Complain, and yet live in a harder Condition than the other?

You live under a good Common-Wealth, to which, by Nature, you ought, and by Choice you do render Obedience; but thoſe Men do live under two Tyrant, Avarice and Ambition, which by Nature they ought to Command, and not to Obey.

Your Lordſhip is tranſplanted from the Country of your Fathers into your Mother Country; for how can you be any other than the Son of this City, if this City be the Mother of Studies and Arts? Surely you are her Son, and a pregnant one too, the many Births and Conceptions of your Brain do approve you ſo; † Send forth thoſe that are not yet publiſhed, bring them I pray not to the Light, but to be a Light to the Learned World, let them come abroad both to Solace your ſelf and others. Though wiſe Men reſide among the Vulgar in this Elementary World, yet they have another within them full of various Images and noble Ideas, ſpringing from the purer Spirits of the Heart, and inhabited by the nobleſt Parts of the Intellect.

It were a great Unhappineſs and Diſparagement to Mankind, if thoſe Men ſhould dwell in the ſame Common-wealth, that have not the ſame Brains. Ignorance is a Veil that hinders us to know this Truth; He that ſhould have the Happineſs to remove this Veil, but for a Moment, would be aſtoniſhed to ſee a ſtrange *Metamorphoſis*, He would ſee a new *Heaven*, and a new *World*; but ſince Ignorance is diſpelled but by Degrees, that which is clear in it ſelf, doth not preſently appear ſo clear

† *Quicquid jucundius eſt Senectute Stipata Studiis Juventutis?*
¶ Cic. Cat. Ma.

clear; From this Country your Lordſhip can never be Baniſhed, in this you can endure no Trouble.

The Philoſopher hath left it Recorded, that Stones do not make a City, but Bones, not Walls, but Men: POMPEY could ſay, that *Rome* went along with him, when the better part of the Citizens went. Your Lordſhip hath carried away a great part of your Country with you, when you carried away your Self; I may ſay, you carried away all of it, not all the Walls, but all the Hearts therein; who can ſay that he is an Exile, that is ſo great a part of the Admirable Frame and Building of his own Country? You are not gone to Baniſhment, but have left your Country in Baniſhment, becauſe all thoſe remain Exiles that have made you one. It cannot be believed that CÆSAR did chaſe POMPEY from ROME, but rather that POMPEY did chaſe CÆSAR out of it, if he carried with him the City, when he was Exiled.

The Inhabitants of ſeven Cæleſtial *Spheres*, which convey their Influence by Motion and Light into this lower World; which in the Number of the Second Cauſes are the Firſt, or certainly the next to the Firſt, are never fixt in their own *Country*, but are Erratick and Itinerant; they have their proper Houſes it is true, but where they have their Houſe, they have not their Habitation; only MERCURY the God of Wiſdom hath his Houſe, his Exaltation and his Triumph in one and the ſame Sign; nevertheleſs he hath his greater Force and Efficacy in his unfortunate Houſe than his own: To ſhew that Wiſdom doth diſplay her Vertues and Power moſt, when ſhe is moſt Unfortunate.

Let no Man wonder that I make here a Panegyrick of Baniſhment, I am not a little obliged to it,

it, It hath created me your Friend, Servant, Slave: It is enough that I have ſaid Friend, ſince he is not a *Friend* who is not a *Servant*, yea a *Slave*; though there be thoſe that are *Servants* and *Slaves*, that be not *Friends:* For there are ſome in this Age that name themſelves by no other Stile than *Slaves*, who notwithſtanding know no other Friendſhip than that of Profit and Intereſt. I would farther expatiate in Commendation of this your Baniſhment from your Country, if (by being not allowed ſtay at this time in my own) I were not Baniſhed out of your Lordſhip's Sight; otherwiſe I do ſo far like and wiſh your Baniſhment, that if I had your Worth and Innocency, (if this were not to wiſh my Maſter guilty) I would wiſh my ſelf Baniſhed: But ſince I live under a *Prince*, who Crowns Merit with Reward, and never puniſheth the Innocent, ſince I cannot be an Exile, I would make my ſelf one; and I do not know whether I do not make my ſelf one at this preſent, or am not made ſo, but I am Innocent, and therefore I do make my ſelf: I ſhould Glory rather to be made one, becauſe it would be a Glory to be made like to your *Lordſhip*. When Worthineſs doth not advance a Man higher, he gains the more Favour, if it caſts him lower, than if it moved him not at all; If he be not gracious with a Man, or if he be out of his Favour, there's no better way to make him gracious than to be disfavoured. Mens *Tongues* run in his Commendations, and their Hearts melt in Compaſſion of him, Great Worth is not without Reward, even in this World: For it is found ſomtimes among Men, who always promiſe that it ſhall be Rewarded; if thoſe Men do not Reward it, who are the Principal Debtors, thoſe Men will not have any ſhare in the Benefit. Payments do cancel the Obligation, but he that is not paid is ſtill a Creditor, and feels the Debt ſtill to grow,

becauſe

becauſe the Merit ſtill increaſeth: So that Rewards are then moſt ample, when they are never received.

There's nothing that Man Affects more than Praiſe, and there's nothing hinders it more than Envy, nor doth increaſe it more than Pity; He that deſires one without the other, let him make himſelf deſerving, and let him wiſh himſelf unfortunate: Merit in Diſtreſs doth produce the greater Compaſſion, by how much in Felicity it produceth the greater Envy; we are mov'd with Compaſſion, becauſe we love the Worth of him who was our Inferiour, and becauſe we * fear the like Chance, by his Example who was our Equal.

Your Lordſhip hath, with your Reſoluteneſs of Mind amidſt Adverſity, United two Things, which were not wont to be at a great Diſtance before, to wit, Envy and Compaſſion; you have brought Misfortunes into Credit, and rendred them even deſirable, whilſt in the midſt of them you have rendred your Vertues even to Envy glorious. It was the ſaying of a Poet, † that *He that would draw Tears from others, muſt ſhew his own.* I know not whether he ſpake well, becauſe I know not whether Affection moves the greater Compaſſion: This I know, that Behaviour moves a better; whatever Circumſtances are uſed to bewail the Chance, are turned to the Admiration of the Perſon. Some Authors believe and teach (though perhaps amiſs) that the Carriage and Courage of a Man do take away Compaſſion, becauſe they take away ye Appearance and Likelihood of Misfortunes, as though Men cannot believe a Diſaſter, if

* Cæſar when Pompey's Head was brought to him ſaid -- *Ego* Pompeii *caſum deploro & meam Fortunam metuo.* ¶ Sueton.

† *Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt primum ipſi tibi.* ¶ Horace.

if they do not ſee Tears; this Appearance of * Fortitude (drawing all to the Admiration of the Perſon) makes the Acerbity of the Diſaſter to be forgotten; it doth not make it not to be truly believed, but not to be well conſidered, but Admiration is not without Delight, nor Compaſſion without Grief: Weeping proceeding moſt commonly from a mixture of Sorrow and Delight, and Behaviour uniting theſe Paſſions together, will make us perhaps to thaw into many Tears; Whereas Affection will rather make us to nauſeate than to Weep.

The Recompence of thoſe Troubles which your *Lordſhip* has ſuſtained for the Republique is to be Troubled by it, but I believe that the Republique is Troubled more for you, than by you: A few Men can never make a Body, they can Marr it, and often do: And I believe alſo, that your Noble *Lordſhip* is more Troubled for the Republique than by it.

† I have heard you ſpeak ſo Honourably and Reſpectfully of that Senate which hath Baniſhed you, and ſo Affectionatly of your Country, that you would deſire in a manner to be reputed Culpable, that ſhe might not be thought unjuſt: But Noble Sir, He defends his Country who defends his own Innocence: It is eaſier to Demonſtrate that they have not once conſented to Baniſh your *Lordſhip*, than to go about to make Men believe that they have been ſo often overſeen in advancing you; as if their Prudence did neither let them foreſee and know the Vices of a Man in his younger Years, nor direct them how to Curb thoſe of his riper Age;

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* *Et fac ere & pati fortia, hoc Romanum eſt.* L. Flor.

† *Ariſtides* being Sentenc'd unto Baniſhment ſaid, *I wiſh my Country no more Harm, than that they may never any more have need of* Ariſtides.

Age: But had ſo often entruſted the Helm of their Veſſel to the Valour and Prudence of a Young Man, who in the Maturity of his Age muſt be Caſhired, as unworthy of thoſe Favours.

Republiques do often give way to Calumny, that they might not take away the Trade of Informers: They had rather Baniſh an Innocent Man, than ſuffer damage by not puniſhing a Guilty one. I ſay not that the Common-Wealth which has expell'd You, is unjuſt, Such thoughts are far from me: I am not ſo uncivill, nor ſo diſreſpectful. I Honour it much, and I would be as glad to ſerve it, as I am ready to reſpect it; and if I would not reſpect it for any other reaſon, I would for this, That it is your Lordſhip's Country: Otherwiſe in lieu of obtaining your Love and Favour, I ſhould purchaſe your Hatred; I ſhould not comfort you, but Exaſperate you rather, ſince you that are Innocent, will needs not be Innocent, only becauſe you are Judged and Condemned to be ſo,

It is no Contradiction to be juſtly Condemned, and to be Innocent: How many Offenders are acquitted by *Juſtice* without *Injuſtice?* If that ſaying of Seneca be true, that *Thunderbolts are never more juſt than when they are Adored by him that is Thunderſtruck*; This moſt juſt Common-Wealth was never more juſt, than when it Fulminated your *Baniſhment*, who doth ſo much Commend it, and with ſuch Expreſſions of Honour diſcourſeth of it. Thrice Happy *Common-Wealth*! were all the Citizens like you, ſhe could never commit an Errour: Baniſhment ſhould never be thought unjuſt, nor the Baniſhed Innocent: If at any Time ſhe were not juſt, Such Men would make her ſo, when they Affirm and Teach, that *The Will of their Fathers or Senators is their Law.* In

Tyrannical *Governments* the Will holds the Place of *Justice*; but in a *Republique* where Optimacy bears Sway and Rule, she may well enough stand with *Justice*.

Your most devoted Servant,

And Affectionate Friend,

V. M.

A SECOND LETTER TO A Perſon of Honour.

Noble Sir,

I Have been at a long Debate with my Self, Firſt, whether I ſhould write unto; and then what I ſhould write: To condole you had been dangerous; If Grief had poſſeſs'd your Mind already, it would have increaſed its Strength: If it had not, it *would* have given it a *Beginning*: To Comfort you, raiſed theſe Doubts within me: Either there were Reaſons for ſo doing, and then it would have been Suppoſed I had done it long ſince; or there were no Reaſons, and then it would have been an Undertaking as Unneceſſary in the one

Caſe, as Fond and Vain in the other: You have loſt your Dignities, nay you have loſt none, if your Vertues adhere to you; and they do ſo, if you can deſpiſe and ſcorn that which ſticks not to you: That Circle of Friends, that did compaſs you round and applaud you, were ſo many Enemies; they rather beſieged you, and laid wait for you: The Friends of Honours ſwarm to the Place where they Reſide, becauſe they Affect thoſe Honours: They hate thoſe that do enjoy them, becauſe they would enjoy them themſelves: He that feels the Weight of Honours, thinks them inſupportable, and too heavy for him; and he that feels them not, is inſupporatable to them: He that is not Burthened with them, is a Burthen to them: Should a Courſer that is Deckt with Trappings of Gold, and Purple, and carries a General in Triumph to the Capitol, Take a Pride in the Arches, the Shouts and Acclamations of the People? Or rather complain of his Accoutrements, which are a Burthen rather than an Ornament unto him; When Gold as it is glorious, ſo it is ponderous too: Alas! there are few that talk with you, but with your Fortune only; † Few that make Obeyſance to you, but to the Dignities which you bear, and therefore no ſhare remains to you, no more than to the Steed; but the Pains and the Burthen.

If by the Divine Goodneſs and Clemency, Ambition were once quite exterminated or rooted up out of the Hearts of Men, it would be a greater Difficulty I doubt not to perſwade Men to bear Rule than to obey: O Unhappy and Wretched Command then, that is thus fool'd by Ambition, which makes Men believe, that they Command others when themſelves are Slaves, both to

† *Pauci Reges non Regna colunt,* Sen.

to it and others. * He that Commands, Commands only to ſerve, and to ſerve thoſe which ſtoop to him only, that they may Command him: *Behold the* SHEPHEARD, *who is an* Emblem *of him that Governs* People, *and tell me whether the* Flock *ſerves him, or he the* Flock? *To ſqueeze their* Milk *and their* Wool, *doth not make him not to be a* Servant: *It makes him not to be a Free Noble* Servant, *But a Mercenary* One: If a Man muſt ſeek out Dainty Viands for Food, if he muſt be Cloath'd with Gold and Purple, if Armed with Sword and Firebrands, He hath no Cauſe to complain of Nature, that ſhe hath left him alone among other Creatures, as it were without Cloaths, Food, or Arms: But if he would bear Rule and Dominion over Men, he hath ſome cauſe to complain of her, becauſe to him (alone) of all other Creatures, hath She aſſigned Dominion and Soverainty over all other Creatures.

† Have you loſt your Dignities? you have not loſt them, but Surrendred them: They are the Favours of Fortune, being Seldom Characters of Merit, but of Audacity; what other Goodneſs have they in them, but what he Stamps on them that doth enjoy them? If he be not Good, they are not Dignites but Indignities; you have not then loſt your Dignities, but theyhave loſt him that gave them that Denomination, and made them Dignities.

* Some Men are Born to Command, and ſome to Obey. Principality ſhould be meaſured by the Intellect, not by Cities and Provinces: He is not always a Maſter of others that hath others under

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* *Magna Servitus eſt magna Fortuna.* ¶ Seneca.

† *Laudo manentem fortunam: Si celeres quatit pennas reſigno quæ dedit.* ¶ Horat.

* Epaminondas *honores ita geſſit, ut Ornamentum non accipere ſed dare ipſi videretur.* ¶ Juſtin.

der him; It is Fortune that confounds the Works of Nature; *Our* LORD GOD *hath Stampt the Character of the worthieſt Man in the Nobleſt and Worthieſt part of Man.* In a Play the Actors Habits and Diſguiſes may well deceive thoſe Spectators that are Below, but not thoſe that ſee them near Hand. † The wiſe Man was upon the *Stage* to behold the COMEDY, when he ſaid, *I ſaw the Maſter walk on Foot, while the Servants ride on Horſeback.* Our World here Below is for the moſt part ANTIPODES, or Counter to that of Intelligence; There they argue the greateſt Diginity from the greateſt Meaſure of Knowledge, and here he hath the greateſt Dignites often who hath the leaſt Portion of Knowledge; When a Man is Born in a higher Condition, and is inferiour in Brain, He is an overſight of Nature, a Monſter: Or if ſo be She had an Intention to make him ſuch, it was either to Chaſtiſe, or to Inſtruct, to ſhew all that are Born in this World, are not Born for the World.

Would you know what kind of Things thoſe Dignities were which you enjoyed? Conſider what thoſe are that do enjoy them: With how many would you change Conditions, if you were to change Perſons withal? Wherefore they are not good of themſelves, ſince they do not make Men good: * I have ſeen them more apt to corrupt Goodneſs than to beget it: Our Nature is too Frail, to attain to Pefection in Goodneſs: It's Raſhneſs to ſeek an Augmentation of Vertue from Temptations; For they do oftentimes change it, but always impair it: To ſubdue our own Affections is a difficult Task: But to Vanquiſh both our own

† *Eccles.* 10 7.

* *Quidquam ne bonum eſt, quod non eum qui poſſidet meliorem Facit?* ¶ Cicero.

own and others too is almoſt impoſſible: What Mind will bound its Contentment with a little that enjoyeth much? What Humility that meets with Obſequiouſneſs and Homage doth not turn to Pride.

Dignity is like a purple Attire, which doth embelliſh Dirt becauſe it hides the Uglineſs of it, but diſgraceth Gold, becauſe it hides its Splendour Every Thing is Bright where the Sun ſhineth: But a Carbuncle, if you will have it Glitter and Sparkle, Place it in the Dark: Remove it out of another Light, if you will ſee its own. Vertue deſires to be Naked, and diſpoiled of Dignities, and Sequeſtred from Wealth; it is a Gemm that ſhews all its Worth, when it is diſcovered, it cannot be ſo neatly Enchas'd, but the Beauty of that *P*art will be conceal'd that is Enchaſed.

You are come down from the Hill not thrown down thence: And now ſince we are all upon the Plain, and Level, we will meaſure them together. The Diſtance of the Object ſeen from the Eye deceiveth: In Figures that are Handſome, it perceives not all the Beauty of them, and in thoſe that are miſhapen, it diſcovers not all their Defects: A little Statue becomes not greater by being placed on a Hill, Nay Statues placed on high, do Leſſen, or (at leaſt) ſeem Leſſer to the Eye of him that beholds them; Though not to him, who taking the Baſis with the Statue, does Meaſure both together.

Men are not therefore nearer Heaven becauſe they are advanc'd above us He that mounts higher hath the more need to Deſcend; The way to Climb high is not to Climb at all You may ſee one exalted upon the Throne above others, who is far below others; The Thoughts of that Man who ſeems to you to touch the Stars, *Are oftentimes as*

low

low as Hell. * That Body which you ſee, is not the Body of him you ſee, It is his Carcaſs; there Man is, where his beſt Part reſides; or if he be not there, he ſhall go thither.

Heaven is made for humble Men, not for the great Ones; He that is ſometimes neareſt to it, ſees it leaſt; He that ſtands on the top of a Mountain, ſees nothing elſe but the Sun, Whereas he that is in the bottom of a Well, can thence number the Stars alſo.

You may perhaps be agrieved that your Command is taken from you: † Nature which hath planted in Man that moſt Ardent deſire of Command, would have ſhewed herſelf an envious Mother, if ſhe had not alſo given ſomthing to Command. There is no Man but hath a Kingdom within himſelf, and he is not * worthy to be a King over others, that is not firſt a King over himſelf; Rejoyce that you are a Commander over your own Affections, to ſee your Paſſions ſo good Subjects. This Harmony brings you to hear that of the *Spheres*, and Contemplate that of God himſelf, and in this moſt delightful Symmetry, you ſhall taſt that Peace and Tranquility of Mind which was by the ancient Sages reputed the Felicity of the Bleſſed. If you may not come in Place to Right the oppreſſed, and do them Juſtice, yet you may procure it to be done: If you have nothing left to relieve Men withal, Yet you have whereby to Pity them, and that Poverty which you cannot relieve, you can ſupport and bear: In all Places there is a Place for the Exerciſe of Vertue, for one that would Exerciſe Vertue

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* *Scito te mortalem non eſſe Sed Corpus hoc, nec enim quem forma iſta declarat, Sed Mens cujusque is eſt quisque* ¶ Cicero.

† *Cupido dominandi cunctis affectibus flagrantior* ¶ Tacitus.

* *Qui recte faciat, non qui dominatur erit Rex.* ¶ Auſonius.

Vertue, for one that would exerciſe Vertue and not Ambition, and there it appears greateſt, where the leaſt Reward is expected by it.

† What avails it to a Man to be Commander over others, if he be a Slave of his own Paſſions? what availeth it to dwell in *Palaces*, to whoſe Sumptuos Fabrick even the remoteſt Provinces in the World are Tributaries, if in the mean while the Soul inhabits a ſordid naſty Body? what Harmony can recreate that Man that is compos'd of nought but Diſcord within himſelf? And what Food can nouriſh him, that labours with a *thouſand* Diſeaſes, and is upon the rack of Torments? Is not this Body of Clay enough to preſs down the Soul, except we clog it alſo with the weight of Cities, and Provinces, and Kingdoms? The Greatneſs of Dignities, is a Circumſtance which doth always add weight unto our Faults, but never to our Services, and this is ſomtimes Mens Reward in the World, that have deſerved well of it. * It is very true that Tranſition from a Place of eminent Command, unto a private Life, is not eaſily concocted, except only by Thoſe, who do not change their Intellect by changing their Condition; If a *Painter* blot out a *Picture* that was drawn on a Table, and and makes a new one in its Place, that Table is not the ſame, though it be the ſame, becauſe the *Table* doth not give the Name to the *Picture* but the *Picture* to it. Our underſtanding is a Plain † Tablet wherein no Lines are drawn; The Pictures and *Fantaſmes* of great Ones, which are imprinted in it, are not the ſame with thoſe of private Men; therefore the ſame Mans Intellect is not the ſame when he becomes a private Man: The Change of Men's Condition is the Death of one Man and the Gene-

† *Si vis omnia tibi Subjici teipſum ſubjice Rationi.* Senec. *Multos reges ſi Ratio te rex erit.* Ibid.

* *Infœliciſſimume infortunij genus eſt aliquando fuiſſe fœlicem.* ¶ Boet. *Tabula raſa.* ¶ Ariſt.

ration of another; and a good Death it is, if it be the Generation of a good Man.

Troubles, my Friend, are when we Err, the Rewards of our Errours, and when we do not Err an Augmentation of our Merit; Either they Abate and expiate the Ill, or Augment the Good: They are always Good themſelves, becauſe he is always Good that ſends them; if they appear evil it is becauſe he is evil that ſuffers under them.

You are not unfortunate becauſe you have loſt your Dignities; rather you are happy if you look not after them: He obtains enough who obtains this, even to deſire nothing: Thoſe Men are happy from whom *Fortune* cannot take away, not they on whom ſhe may beſtow: She is not unpleaſing, but to him, who was too much pleas'd with her: She cannot take away but from him that was her *Almſman*: We call her unjuſt, when we our ſelves are ſo. We complain of her for taking that which ſhe had beſtowed, inſtead of giving her *Thanks* that ſhe had beſtowed it: She doth not Rob but Reſume. Our worldly Felicities are but borrowed, when they are not reſtor'd back, they leave us of themſelves: Death is a Miniſter of Fortune, and ſee what Arrears of Debt are unpaid to this, they will be exacted of that other.

He that in *Misfortunes*, looſeth not the String of Vertue, is like an Arrow which when it looſeth not the String of the Bow, doth fly ſo much the more forward, by how much the more it was drawn backward; Fortune doth not retreat with an Intention to forſake, but to prove us, and where it finds great Spirits, there it returns with the greater *Equipage*. He deſerves not to entertain Fortune at her beſt, when he cannot bear her Company at the worſt; whilſt we ſeek her unſeaſonably before the time, we oftentimes meet our Death, and whilſt ſhe doth return to us at her own leaſure, She doth often find us Dead.

He

He that Hoiseth Sails and displays them upon the Sail yards when the Sea is *Rough* and *Boisterous*, either Sinks the Vessel or Splits it: We must be content to keep below, when our being higher may endanger our Sinking, He that cannot obtain a Calm, and yet by all means will needs Sail in a Tempest, doth not Sail but run a ground, and doth many times make himself unfit to entertain *Calm Weather* when it comes and smiles on him, because it finds him already Split or Drownd. * *Adversity* most disturbs the Mind enerated by *Prosperity*.

If the *Stoicks* had not confounded together the Pains of the Body with the Passions of the Mind, they had not perhaps fancied an Impassibility when they fancied an Indolency: For as in one Case, it cannot consist with a Sound Mind; so in the other, it may be imputed perhaps to the † Greatness of Wisdom: Disasters are light or heavy as we please to make them; for they have no other Being or Existence than in Opinion; if they were real things they would be alike in all.

Consider in your Case how many Men there be who have not those *Dignities* which you possess, and yet do not Complain, If you reply, that they do not Complain for not having them, because they have not had them; you Complain it seems not for what you are, but for what you have been, and so you grieve for good, and not for evil; Nay tell me also how many † infirm Men, how many *Beggers* and other Sorts of People would deem themselves Happy if they were in your Condition? and do you call it an unhappiness to be that which so many Men would account Happiness, to arrive at

* *Quem res illus justa desectavere secundæ mutatæ quatient.* Hor.

† *Si uratu sapiens si Crucietur in* Phalaridis, *tauro dicet quam* Suave est hoc? ¶ Cicero.

* *Ad opinionem dolemus: tam miser est quisq quam Credit.* ¶ Senen.

† *Nullam tam miserum nominabis domum qua non inveniat in Misenore solatium* ¶ Sene.

at? If you be upon those terms (which I scarce believe) you are no way unhappy, but that you do not understand your own Happiness.

All Estates and Conditions of Men in the *World* are equal; if a Man will not change Crosses with any other, when he sees what comes to every Mans Lot and Share; much less will he change Felicities with any: For those also are equal if not in the Scales of Weight, yet at least in the Ballance of Justice, and if at any time the Novelty make a Difference, it is the Difference but of a few Days Assuefaction will presently produce it to a *Geometrical* Equality.

The Felicities of this World are not in things *themselves*, they subsist in Opinions only, and so become great or small, according as they are apprehended, and they have the greatest share of them, that believe they have it: Soverainty is like a Mountain which seems to the Subjects who are at the foot of it with his towring Head to touch the Sky, but to those who are at the Top of it seems with his Basis to reach Hell.

There is no Degree or Condition of Man but is Subject to Satiety, we ever desire what we do not possess; and our Will, since it lives under those *Spheres* which are in perpetual Motion, can never be at Rest; Private persons envy the Greatness of Princes, and Princes envy the quiet Repose of private Persons: Yet they will never descend or reduce themselves to this State of Life; but rather still fear what they somtimes desire, as though they are asham'd to become such as they would seem to desire to have been at first.

Be not therefore troubled that you are arrived at that State of Life which you have often envied in them that did enjoy it. There's some sort of *Maladies* incident to Men that the Party must be well beaten before he can be cured. Do we not wish

Happiness

Happineſs to Souls departed, and Reſt, not *inceſſant* Motion: behold you are this Day inveſted in that Bliſs which you ſhall enjoy in Eternity, if you can bear it well in this temporal Life; Every Man that hath his Quietneſs is not at eaſe, but as that Motion is beſt, the Author and Cauſe whereof is ever quiet; ſo that Quietneſs is worſt which hath within it an active Principle that loves no Reſt.

Reſt you quietly my Friend, under the Cover of that Harbour to which that Wind of Envy hath driven you, which thought to drown you, avoid that Sea which hath ſwallow'd expert Pilots, lulling thoſe to ſleep whom it could not break with Storms; you have already buried Envy under your Ruins, and over them you may build Monuments of Glory; you are not fallen, but have laid your ſelf down, not by a Malady, but with a Purpoſe to take your Reſt. Envy is left behind to wait upon thoſe Dignities which you enjoyed, which are no way good if they be not Envied: Envy is a Worm which breeds only among Corruption, not flies at true Worth, if it doth not find it wrapt in ſecular Affairs, which are attended with Profit and Glory. There is no other way of Goodneſs than to be good in God's Eyes, and he that is ſuch is ſo ſecure from Envy, that he oftentimes falls within the Compaſs of Compaſſion.

Conſider thoſe who live like wild Beaſts among craggy Rocks and horrid Woods, who being full of Grace and Celeſtial Vertues, & being ſequeſtred from Men, do mix Converſation with the Angels in the Contemplation of their Creator; and then tell me I pray you, whether any doth Envy their Condition? Either they are pitied or commended. Moreover let us regard thoſe Vertues rather, which make a Man good than thoſe which make a Man great, ſo we ſhall live ſafe from the Envy of Men, who meaſure Goodneſs by Greatneſs, and think him the better Man who is the higher.

Leave, Friend, theſe Walls which hinder your Proſpect, and Contract your Horizon, theſe Walls which take away the Prerogative which God gave unto Man, to contemplate Heaven without diſcompoſing his Head: What other thing doth thoſe black Habits import, which at firſt Entrance do greet our Eyes, than Grief and Sorrow, for the loſs of Liberty which unawares they are deprived of? To live

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in a great City, what is it but to live in a Spacious Prison, where Men are so wretched and lost, that they know not their own natural Necessities, except the Senseless Clock which is in a kind of perpetual Motion, put them in Mind of them? as though all things here depended on the Wheel of Fortune or of the Clock: Leave, I say my Friend, these Walls which can never so defend you, but they at the same time may oppress you with their Fall. Come with me under the cool Shades of Cedars and Beech; Come where no other Inchantment shall fill your Ears, than the Chanting of the Nightingal, nor any other Murmurs than that of the Christal Brooks, where all Favours & Benefits are expected from the Bounty of Heaven, not of Men; Here you shall see the Nightingal innocently displaying her Wings, and freely roving in the Woods from Tree to Tree, and with the Air of her Wings, mingle the sweet Air and warbling Notes of her Voice; not like the City Birds which are constraind to make their Voices Mercenary, to beg their Meat in Tune, and earn it with a Musick Lesson; so that I know not whether these Prisoners being also bewitched with these Walls, do lament or sing the loss of their own Liberty. Here the Waters run under the harmless Lawrel with chast and undefiled Beauty; And somtimes running gently out of their Channels, leaving pearly drops upon the golden Flowers, and sweetly kissing the enamelled Herbs, do make them fertile with their Amorous Embraces: There in the Cities you may see them forced from their Natural Course, and deflowerd, and being conveyed through close Prisons and Chanels, taught to aspire proudly towards Heaven, to fall afterwards more violently to the Earth. See how these matters do instruct us, that in the Cities Men cannot in their own Natural State be advanced, that have not first lost their Native Liberty; and that the end of their † Exaltation and Mounting up, is to fall with the greater Precipitation.

Your most devoted Servant,

And Affectionate Friend,

V. M.

† *Tolluntur in altum, ut Casu graviore ruant.*

SENECA's *Conſolations againſt* Baniſhment.

'IT is a Maſterpiece to draw Good out of Evil; and by the Help of Virtue to improve Misfortunes into Bleſſings. *'Tis a ſad Condition, you'll ſay, for a Man to be barr'd the Freedom of his own Country.* And is not this the Caſe of Thouſands that we meet every Day in the Streets? Some, for Ambition; others, to Negotiate, or for Curioſity, Delight, Friendſhip, Study, Experience, Luxury, Vanity, Diſcontent: Some, to exerciſe their Virtues, others, their Vices; and not a few to Proſtiticle either their Bodies, or their Eloquence? To paſs now from pleaſant Countries into the worſt of Iſlands; Let them be never ſo Barren, or Rocky, the People never ſo Barbarous, or the Clime never ſo Intemperate; He that is baniſh'd thither, ſhall find many Strangers to live there for their Pleaſure. The Mind of Man is naturally Curious, and Reſtleſs; which is no Wonder, conſidering their Divine Original: For Heavenly Things are always in Motion: Witneſs the Stars, and the Orbs, which are perpetually Moving, Rolling, and changing of Places, and according to the Law, and Appointment of Nature. But here are no Woods, you'll ſay, no Rivers; no Gold, nor Pearl, Commodities for Traffick, or Commerce; nay, hardly Proviſion enough to keep the Inhabitants from ſtarving. 'Tis very Right; here are no Palaces, no Artificial Grottos, or Materials for Luxury, and Exceſs; but we live under the Protection of Heaven; and a poor Cottage for a Retreat, is more worth, than the moſt Magnificent Temple, when that Cottage is Conſecrated by an honeſt Man under the Guard of his Virtue. Shall any Man think Baniſhment Grievous, when he may take ſuch Company along with him? Nor is there any Baniſhment, but yields enough for our Neceſſities, and no Kingdom is ſufficient for Superfluities. It is the Mind that makes us Rich in a Deſart; and if the Body be but kept alive, the Soul enjoys all Spiritual Felicities in abundance. What ſignifies the being Baniſh'd from one Spot of Ground to another, to a Man that has his Thoughts Above, and can look Forward, and Backward, and wherever he pleaſes; and that, wherever he is, has the ſame Matter to work upon? The Body is but the Priſon, or the

'Clog

'Clog of the Mind, ſubjected to Puniſhment, Robberies
'Diſeaſes; but the Mind is Sacred, and Spiritual, and
'liable to no Violence. Is it that a Man ſhall want Gar-
'ments, or Covering in Baniſhment? The Body is as
'eaſily Cloathed, as Fed; and Nature has made nothing
'hard that is Neceſſary. But if nothing will ſerve us, but
'Rich Embroideries, and Scarlet, 'tis none of Fortune's
'Fault that we are Poor, but our own. Nay, ſuppoſe a
'Man ſhould have all reſtor'd him back again that he has
'loſt; it will come to nothing, for he will want more
'after that, to ſatisfie his Deſires, than he did before,
'to ſupply his Neceſſities. Inſatiable Appetites are not
'ſo much a Thirſt, as a Diſeaſe.

'To come lower now; Where's that People, or Nati-
'on, that have not chang'd their Place of Abode? Some
'by the Fate of War; others have been caſt by Tempeſts,
'Shipwrecks, or want of Proviſions upon unknown Coaſts.
'Some have been forc'd abroad by Peſtilence, Sedition,
'Earthquakes, Surcharge of People at Home. Some
'Travel to ſee the World; others for Commerce; But,
'in fine, it is clear, that upon ſome Reaſon or other, the
'whole Race of Mankind have ſhifted their Quarters;
'chang'd their very Names, as well as their Habitations;
'Inſomuch, that we have loſt the very Memorials of
'what they were. All theſe Tranſportations of People,
'what are they, but publick Baniſhments? The very
'*Founder* of the *Roman Empire* was an *Exile*: Briefly,
'The whole World has been Tranſplanted, and one Mu-
'tation treads upon the Heels of another. That which
'one Man Deſires, turns another Man's Stomach; And
'*He that proſcribes me To day, ſhall Himſelf be caſt out To-
'morrow*, We have, however, this Comfort in our Misfor-
'tunes; we have the ſame Nature, the ſame Providence,
'and we carry our Virtues along with us. And this Bleſſing
'we owe to the Almighty Power, call it what you will;
'a *God* or an *Incorporeal Reaſon*, a *Divine Spirit*, or *Fate*,
'and the *Unchangeable Courſe of Cauſes*, and *Effects*: It
'is, however, ſo Order'd, that nothing can be taken
'from us, but what we can well ſpare; and that which
'is moſt Magnificent, and Valuable, continues with us.
'Where ever we go, we have the Heavens over our Heads,
'and no further from us, than they were before; and
'ſo long as we can entertain our Eyes, and Thoughts
'with thoſe Glories, what matter is it what Ground we
'tread upon?

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